BV
4501
.S62

THE MYSTERY OF PEACE

GEORGE T. SMART

Class BV4501

Book .S62

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE MYSTERY OF PEACE

THE MYSTERY OF PEACE

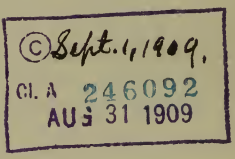
BY

GEORGE T. SMART
Author of "Studies in Conduct"

THE PILGRIM PRESS
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

BV4501
.S62

Copyright, 1909
By Luther H. Cary



CONTENTS

I

Page

Keeping the Peace 7

II

The Foes Within 13

III

The Beatific Vision 22

"That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened."

— WORDSWORTH.

THE MYSTERY OF PEACE

I

KEEPING THE PEACE

Is it not strange, after so many Christian centuries, that men are so generally unacquainted with peace? And yet this mystery is one of the final gifts bestowed upon humanity by the great Teacher. In some of the rare moments of personal life men have gained peace; but they have not learned the secret of keeping it.

To-day we seem to have fallen short even of the calm of classic antiquity. We may be more earnest in our morality than the pagan life that antedated Christianity, — at least we are apt to hope so, — but we clearly miss some of the goods this life possessed. Who is calm enough now to embark upon enterprises of the pith and moment these older men attempted? Who among our sculptors carves a face that cheers the centuries? or what architect knows the secret they did of *quantum sufficit?*

There was a wonderful heroism in those elders of a far-off time who, living in a world that needed spelling out much more than ours, yet took up strong positions and refused to leave them for nothing. Measuring themselves against the universe, they saw they

must take it by strategy, and like wise men they chose their own place for battle and won. When we look upon some of the statuary they carved for us, and then on the seamed faces of the men of the Renaissance, we instinctively feel that the earlier works were those of children, or of men. We are no longer children; but we have not yet grown to be men!

For notwithstanding our disclaimers we men of to-day are not personally hopeful. We come back again to our daily life with a sigh, after walking a cathedral cloister. We grow restive as we think of the confused world we have to live in; and sometimes, God forgive us! we would exchange it for the hard conditions of feudalism, if we could only be absolved from making our own destiny. Our peace is not delivered to us; it is not even made.

On the whole, thoughtful religious people are not excessively "happy." More than any they feel the weight of "this unintelligible world." And the worst of it is that they think it their duty not to forget this serious pressure. They are likely to speak of the hopeful as "shallow" optimists. But are there not "shallow" pessimists? Which is the truer view of life, — health or sickness, salvation or sin, life or death? Is life, as a great cynic said, "the perpetual possession of being well deceived"? — or is Paul right when he says that it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive its benedictions? The answer, judged by history, is wholly with Paul; for the answer is: life still goes on.

As a matter of fact, our attitudes, even to the

deepest matters, are extremely conventional. We never take our own line if we can help it. We always fall back on other people's example, as Shakespeare fell back on other people's plots. We speak fashionably when we speak ill of life, and we are often in good company as we do so. We have so many examples of doubtfulness to imitate that we totter ourselves. Life has indeed been colored by ill, by pain, by disaster, by the tragic. But these aspects have been made insistent, not so much by those who faced them in reality, as by those who observed from a distance. While several generations of Christians bore the last agonies of persecution gladly, the feebler race that came after, missing the joy of heroism, saddened the pages of history as they wrote them. Monasticism also injected a "melancholy black bile" into men's blood. Then, too, for those of English descent there was the gloom of Puritan introspection to come through, — a gloom turned into magnificent art by Hawthorne, yet still gloom, affrighting us with shadows when we give ourselves to it.

So popular was this view, and so imposing, that even worldly men felt they must imitate it. Young rather drearily intoned his "Night Thoughts," and John Donne, peering into the corruption of the charnel-house, wailed with fantastic realism of a "bracelet of bright hair about the bone"; while the gayer Herrick could momentarily lament —

> "In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
> While we sit by sorrow's streams,
> Tears and terrors are our themes."

Thus overbusy have men been with sin and death; and their unhappy zeal has put together a long historical and literary background for a dubious view of life.

Meanwhile the question arises, Is there a fundamental agony in things, or is it in ourselves? If it is in things, why have not men sorted it out and rejected it? Some, indeed, have tried to do so, but they have found, as Socrates did, that "the fact is there is some subtlety in the texture of things." Things are so woven together that the thoroughgoing have been obliged to throw away everything to get rid of the troublesome part. This is what the Stoics have always done. With Aspasia they try to stand "not only above slavery, but above splendor." And when successful they have been solemn and shivering figures in a world stripped of everything down to the elements. But did they ever succeed? One doubts it. There is a "thinly sealed volcano" under the cool pages of Marcus Aurelius, and what means Swift's inhuman resolution "not to let children come too near me"? This was his impossible way of arming himself against the delicious pains of affection; but his own armor wounded him as much as any man of his age, perhaps more.

Misery, thank God! is not in things; this world is the world of the same absolutes for us all. Earth's ultimate presentations are implacably the same to each one. But the way we front them makes the result to differ. We may rage against life with the Titanic revolt of Byron, or we may accept it with the "wise

passiveness" of Wordsworth. To-day we know perfectly well that Wordsworth's view was the better one. It is hard for men to kick against the goads.

Even when, as is blessedly the case, the things that we most tremulously respond to are moods thrown over life by ourselves, as affection or imagination, these moods are not solidly built into life, unchangeable or irrefragable. They always need translating again into the mood of the day, whose hours are a mesh to catch gossamer delights. Our old joys and memories, therefore, need keeping in repair. It is the present mood that matters when I think over twenty years of friendship. One misinterpretation to-day, or one false accent, may spoil forever that excelling wonder.

The thing that breaks the peace is not the obstructive fact or person, it is the heart, and the way that beats level to life or below its horizons. We talk about "hard facts" and "historic" truths as though they were irreducible and irreversible. There is, however, the mood in which we approach them. We may espouse a "fact" or deny it, and what a difference it makes to our day! Take Keats' attitude to a Grecian urn, when he sings, "Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness," and compare that with the mood of a modern Greek peasant who uses the priceless statuary in his field as a target for rifle-practise! Even great persons are not commanding enough invariably to dominate man's mood. We imagine a man of Tennyson's stature would have commanded subjection in every case. But,

no! Hear what the old gardener who worked for him said to a visitor: — "'That Shakespeare's a great poet, isn't he?' 'Yes.' 'And this Tennyson 's a great poet, isn't he?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' driving his spade into the clod, 'I don't think nothink o' neither of 'em.'"

The real agony is in us. There is, in the schools, a doctrine that no object can ever be taken into thought without the approach being made to it by a set of thoughts that are "warm" to it. Now there is an apperceptive mass of feeling also in us that either "warms" to the world or fears it. If we are "warm" to it, we are brave and hopeful; if "cold," we are apprehensive. I knew a woman who said she always lived apprehensively. She had everything to satisfy her, — health, wealth, troops of friends; but she could not look upon to-morrow without a shudder. Out in the world somewhere she felt that demonic powers were preparing catastrophes for her. The best she could do was to arm herself to resist.

Ah, that is the crucial error! Peace is not a coat of mail that automatically blunts the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Nor is it a capital we can fall back upon to pay the deaf creditor agony. Peace is *made*, kept in *repair*, — this is the condition on which it can be held. Blessed are the peace*makers*, for they shall be called the sons of God. How can men be sons of a God whose creative energy is infinite, unless they, too, create?

II

THE FOES WITHIN

IT has often been assumed by careless readers of the New Testament that demonic possession was peculiar to the years of our Lord, or that if we have to-day anything at all like the same troubled phenomena we shall find them in the vulgar abysses of "spiritism," or the squalid world of imbecility. In truth, we have demonic possession more than ever to-day; for the ills of men are growing less physical and more and more mental and spiritual. And these spiritual ills grow increasingly delicate and superfine. These are the foes of our own household always conspiring against our peace. If, therefore, the great Master cast out devils, is it not indispensable that his disciples do the same, and that the work begin at home?

One of these contemporary miseries is the mood of Hamlet. On the whole, one would hardly call our age a Hamlet age. But then, we should hardly call Shakespeare's age one either! Yet it was in the spacious times of great Elizabeth that the mood was worked out supremely in literature. And this supremacy is inevitable in any cloudless view of human life; for the mood is found precisely most developed among imaginative people. If one gathers half a dozen thoughtful men

and women together, it is not long before you hear some of the stock reverberations of the day. You catch above the hum of conversation such words as "responsibility," "complicated," "hurry," "strenuous," "pathetic," and others constituting a list of neurasthenic vocables as long as the obnoxious list that Ben Jonson made his rival Marston vomit in the play of *The Poetaster*. To judge by this kind of conversation, the world is a "sight to dream of, not to tell."

To be sure, there are Hamlets in the world; but there are many gay and delightful persons upon the stage as well. We have lost Shakespeare's wisdom of attaching a fool to our own tragic persons to sound a counterblast to tragic seriousness. Even if the world were a Hamlet world, the "pale cast of thought" would be the very last mood in which to conquer it. Introspection in the face of a stern demand often means instant loss or death. As a schoolboy said the other day, "If you go into a Harvard entrance exam. thinking how much depends on it, you're gone!" Here we men and women are in this world, with absolutely not a word to say about our coming. Suppose an option had been given us, would it not have been too serious a thing to undertake? This happy irresponsibility of birth might well set the example for our attitude to some of the larger aspects of our personal life.

But is there to be *no* thinking, no silent piety, no wrestles in the cheerless hours of dawn, no excursion into the world of elevated thoughts or noble suffering? Yes, there are

to be excursions thither, adventures, too, hair-breadth escapes, and sometimes no escape. But the neurasthenic mood of much of our contemporary life makes traveling in this adventurous region mortally dangerous, just as Hamlet's mood ends the play in a river of blood. The tools are for the man who can handle them. And the world of speculative sorrow is only for the man who enters it with the largest hopes and the greatest faith, and also, let it be said, with an inextinguishable joy.

Another contemporary misery is the disposition of Shylock, which, at bottom, is a mood of avaricious literalism. Once men thought of the ludicrous nature of this "Judas-Jew," — a nature that probably in Shakespeare's day appealed to the mob as a broadly comic disposition; but now we incline to take it more seriously. See how helpless his literalism was when it left the world of trade-balances and nominated bonds and had to interpret Jessica's waywardness and Portia's smiles! For this world of ours is not a literal world. It is no prison-house of the soul, pushing its rough surface in upon the tender prisoner. "Hard and fast" is the last thing we can say about it. Even the ancient Heraclitus saw more truly that it was a "flux." Men have suffered monstrously from the acute mania of literalism, measuring their wealth to discover that they were poor and the world stern and unsweetened. Their stupid obstinacies would make Jove laugh. They will not see beyond the length of their nose. They deny the existence

of "the seacoast of Bohemia." The other day a love romance from a public library fell casually into my hands. On the margin at frequent intervals were sour commentaries on the hero to the effect that he was only a poor creature, and that men in general were fools, saved only from emotional damnation by some womanly deity. A later reader had scribbled over these comments, "What love-lorn old spinster has been mouthing here?" The spinster's comments were doubtless true; but abstract or general truth was not the meaning of the novelist. What he meant to do was to lay out a delightful country, and then to ask elderly spinsters or others to walk in it for an afternoon. Why could not the love-lorn one have stepped into his midsummer world for a moment? No, she preferred the wintry discontent of bleak literalism.

In religion this mood has been suicidal of delight. Unnumbered scholars have painfully calculated exactly when the end of the world should be. A lumbering procession of pedants has made itself unhappy by literal interpretations of poetry and prophecy. Generations have wrestled with the needless question of the "fate of the heathen world before the gospel came." And to-day the same mood makes cowards of us all; we see the lions in the way, but not the chains that hold them, least of all the Celestial City beyond. Meanwhile God has mercifully so disposed our world that we never can take the pound of flesh without drawing blood. Our literal world is imposed upon by a world of glory.

To the poet, London with all its sordidness and squalor becomes a sight touching in its majesty, when the beauty of the morning is upon it, as well as in the poet's heart.

If we still follow the clue of Shakespearian tragedy, — and we do well to choose these typical examples, — we find still other foes within. Take Othello's mood of unreasoning suspicion and jealousy as the counterpart of many a life. Jealousy brings agony as a flood-tide, washing out the ancient landmarks; and it is peculiarly strong because it comes as the accompaniment of a great and noble feeling. As several old authors have observed, love is an "aromatic pain." It contains the seeds of madness; it is the very stuff of tragedy, when the under side pushes through the upper. And often men and women like ourselves, utterly unable to play the hero, yet have had some inklings of the terrors of Love when it becomes an Inquisitor. Friends have separated because one was called and the other left. Public men, once friendly, once companions in arms, have at last opposed one another to the death, because one gained what the other could never attain. Private persons, in little communities, living in a retired Cranford, have yet had suspicions, and edged animosities against their fellows. Politics, learning, business, society, the Church, all are fields where this unsalubrious air may blow dangerously on weak brows. And even in families jealous minds separate to the dividing asunder of spirit from spirit. This close world, fevered and fanatic, is to be avoided at any cost. Iago is the devil

himself of jealousy. Our peace is gone forever if we adopt a too extreme privateness, or treat our dearest friends as entities without delicate relations to us and *in* us. We are to step as far as we can over the narrow seas that enisle us; we are to love our neighbor as ourselves, and give him his prerogative of frankness. One word spoken in love, in tears, or in repentance, might often bind up our broken peace for us. Unspoken, we are left to sail a bitter sea, where under dark and sinister skies we come to the City of Disenchantment.

Ambition is another foe that dwells within and often spoils our peace. In Macbeth the mood is urged to the blackest extreme; yet, incipiently, as a contagion, it often marks the day we live in to no ordinary degree. Fame, according to Milton's austerer judgment, is the last infirmity of noble minds; but its cheaper form of notoriety is the first infirmity of baser natures. Ambition is strong meat to feed on. By that sin fell the angels, and by it fall many of those who are "a little lower than the angels." Though men may be saved from overt transgression through ambition, they yet surely spoil their peace as they incontinently nurse it. When ambition sets a hard pace, quietness can be no bride. "To succeed!" is the cry to-day, taught our youth, laid out in homilies, supported by philosophy, urged with Darwinian conclusiveness as a "law of the survival of the fittest."

And evidences of success are all about us. Men crowd into the hall of fame, which has

recently sometimes turned out to be a different place from the one they sought, since it had no egress again into the free world and open street. There are "successful" men in prison; and others who are even worse off, pilloried by public opinion. Do we know that this emphasis on success spoils our peace? For the next generation, if we go on, peace will be one of the lost arts reckoned in with the dim memories of a prehistoric civilization. It hardly fits even our rapid day, as the drama of gain moves on with faster and faster movement. And then success is a paradox. Shakespeare marked this in burning letters in *Macbeth*. It aims at reputation, but it loses character to get it, and the reputation turns out to be vastly different from the one sought at the start. There is a "damned spot" in it that does not wash out. The struggler always fails at the crucial moment. What usurper ever found his throne a place of state and strength? — did he not find it precisely the weakest spot in all his dominions? The high churchman, too, whether Archbishop of Canterbury or a deacon of a country congregation ruling by ambition, always rules once too much. In the meantime where is peace? For the last shall be first, and the first last.

There is one more foe in the household, the last and greatest, because entrenched in the deepest sanctuary. It is so complex that Shakespeare has chosen one of his simplest characters — that is, his most elemental — to portray it, — King Lear. The mood of Lear is a compound of demanding love and

passionate intensity of distrust. It desires and doubts at the same time.

Here indeed is the deepest abyss men can tread. Childe Roland, riding through the sodden marsh of Browning's wonderful scenery, still has faith enough to blow the bugle when he reaches the Dark Tower. But Lear upon the heath stands denuded of everything. Blasts and fogs are upon him. Oak-cleaving thunderbolts shake about his white head. Even his poor fool is hanged. He is without God and without hope. I know nothing that shows the horror of a naked universe as this monstrously elemental play of Shakespeare. One passage in the Gospels has something of its awful spaciousness as it says of Judas, "He then having received the sop went out straightway: and it was night."

The pity of it all is that it is needless, — needless for Lear, and for us. We are not driven into this bleak world by necessity. We need not stretch the dominant note of love to selfishness. Sons have been driven into a far country by the exactions of parental love. Love does not live upon its demands, but upon its offers. Would Shelley have been quite as fantastic if his father had been more reasonable? Strange words these, that I transcribe from a distant century, uttered by a saint, and spoken of a father who loved unwisely: "Hear all ye, and understand: — until now have I called Peter Bernardone my father, but, for that I purpose to serve the Lord, I give back unto him the money, over which he was vexed, and all the clothes that I have had of

him, desiring to say only, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' not 'my father, Peter Bernardone.' " So spoke Francis of Assisi.

On the other hand sons have asked too much from their fathers. Men ask too much from God; and then, because the gift is withheld, they doubt his love. Faith vanishes when men ask for immediate ends, and too urgently. The Kingdom is not to be taken with violence. Passion has unsettled men's faith more than ever thought has. Systems of philosophy, or, what is commoner, *systemless* philosophies, are apt to grow out of a man's life. There have been fierce believers who were just as dangerous to the peace as fierce doubters. Some of us make a world that moves onward, unrolling the chapters of faith; others among us unmake the world already delivered to them. And no surer way is there of spoiling our delight than to love to the extremity of demand, — to ask ever and ever higher terms of allegiance. This is to stand at last upon the heath with Lear. Whatever the final world is that we stand in, it is ours. We made it ourselves!

III

THE BEATIFIC VISION

EVIDENTLY, to judge by the foregoing examples, one of the insistent needs of life is peace. But what *is* peace? We do well to ask the question, for men who have sought it have not always looked in the right place for it. They have taken similitudes and dreams for the reality. Or they have come to a door for which, like Omar Khayyam, they "found no key." This excellent thing seems difficult to attain.

Certainly peace is not obtuseness. Though the man in the ditch may never have the tremors of soul that we have, and only be subject to the pangs of hunger and the pains of weariness, it is not therefore true that he achieves peace. For peace does not belong to the region of sensation. We speak of "peaceful" cattle in the meadows, but this is only the license of poetry. Those who are not subject to agony can never attain to peace. The One, indeed, who carried its most awful weight, had the most peace to give.

Hence, all "returns to Nature" to find peace are beside the mark. Idyllic styles of existence are only momentary, — and imaginative. Yonder thatched cottage, where love alone would seem to be enough to dower its poetical seclusion, is damp and unsanitary,

and its inmates are bent with rheumatism. Touchstone said truly of the "life of nature," "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place." The mind grows dull and dispirited in a world of simple elements; or else, if it keeps its powers, it still has room for exquisite pains, as Rousseau discovered in his Hermitage.

Nor is peace that gentle pensiveness that soothes us for a while as we read certain books, or listen to the garrulity of reminiscent age. Rogers' *Poems* and Gray's *Elegy* are interpretations of life that have a certain value and afford a moment's rest by the way. But whoever looks at life steadily cannot be wholly satisfied with these conceptions of human existence. For the elegiac mood only has to do with the past, and the concluded. It looks thoughtfully over the closed chapters of life. But we still live, and hot demands are upon us.

Likewise peace is not tranquillity, which was the Stoic end in life; for, as we have seen, this meant the rejection of much that added glory to life, and left the tranquil soul to stand on some frosty peak in godlike isolation. There is, indeed, some inhumanity in the position as set forth in Lucretius, who stood unmoved upon the moral heights and consoled himself that at least he was not one of the wandering multitude below. Such prudent husbanding of emotion makes the full-blooded man contemptuous of the noblest Stoic achievement. Besides, the Stoic achievement was always tainted with pride. Stoic

morality is only for men who are born aristocrats and mean to keep their aristocracy.

Peace is not so much an achievement as a gift. Jesus said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." In a true sense peace is catching. This makes it worlds apart from Stoic tranquillity, whose method was separation, even isolation. The method of peace is contact. It is found in the midst of the world of things and of persons, at the heart indeed of endless agitation. See how contagious peace is when a crowd is stricken into frenzy and one heroic soul calls out, "All is well!" The surge of trampling multitudes stops in a moment, and what was a brutal mob becomes reordered into society.

Thus you cannot have peace in an unsocial world. For peace depends on contacts, relations, and has as its work the due ordering of life. The old *Pax Romanorum* was mechanical and repressive, just as feudalism was. Men were held in place by an iron law of sovereignty. Or, a wilderness was made by conquest, and that was called peace. But we know that peace cannot come in this fashion. Peace in society does not come lastingly from armed readiness, not even from protocols and constitutions, but from the social contacts of man with man.

Even so, the peace of the heart is not mechanical. It does not come from "trentals rightly read," or rosaries of prayers, or tithes, or the fulfilling of a nominated law. It comes from contact with Jesus, and with the life that

he delivered to men. When religious people are not "happy," it is because they have lost this contact by worldliness; or when, by stern endeavors, they try to conquer peace instead of receiving it as a gift. The fierce concentration of Puritan zeal is at one with the cloistral emaciation of monasticism in missing the way; and it may appear to another age that the pallid insistence of an extreme evangelicalism is equally astray from the magnificent humanity of the Way of Jesus. For there is a wise receptiveness that gets at substantive values, when a more active probing of spiritual mysteries kills them. Peace comes thus as a gift; it is one of life's final terms and dispositions. To walk with Jesus, to seek his ends, to love his Father — this is the way of peace.

This, however, is not a mystic doctrine of indolence. For the most flaming and intense souls have found peace. It is not stagnation. The gift needs exercise. Peace is an imperialism of the soul that seeks new lands to colonize. It opens up universal horizons. As Madame Guyon said of her own life when she found it, "It is a new country." The old factors are there; but the landscape differs, for the new light throws out into impressive significance the forgotten meanings of human life. In the press and crowd about Jesus, the chief factors to the disciples were the grown people; but Jesus took a child and set him in the midst, and ever since heaven has been linked with the childlike heart. Palestine became a "new country" to the disciples; so did the hard Roman world to Paul; so have the Orient and

the isles of the sea to men of our own day who followed peace.

There are difficulties, dangers in the way, some losses and abnegations; but there has always been for those who were honest with Jesus a deep power of joy in action, so that peace came as a gift and crown of life. Poets and moralists have told us of "the dreary intercourse of common life," of "the daily round, the trivial task," of "the letter that killeth," but Jesus has told men of the abundant life with its superb relations of universality and its inner gift of peace. And when men have been near enough to Jesus to catch something of his passion for the divine, so far they have found peace.

When Jesus said that he "left" peace with his disciples, he evidently entrusted it to them as stewards. They were to use it, to exercise it, to make it bring forth fruit. But the use of gifts is notoriously difficult, as the parables of the talents well show. How shall peace be used? Suppose a man has "caught" peace from Jesus, how shall he apply his reenforced life?

Perhaps the nearest answer that we can give is to say: The business of peace is to increase the spiritual equilibrium of men. The peacemaker is to be the man who makes *two* to be *one*, the *many* to be *unity*, the *divided* self to be completely *whole*. And what an enormous field of activity stretches before us as we look over our contemporary life! Is not the cry of men "in widest commonalty spread" a cry for peace? Who are to resolve the antago-

nisms of society but new saviors who are reincarnations of the Christ? I think of the speculative controversies concerning the resolution of "the one" and "the many" not yet ended, but threshed out with flails in the "pragmatic" discussions of the day. I think of the lurid colors of history as conquerors tried to make an end of this matter in political society. I am haunted by ghostly faces that peer out on us from cloister traceries as men strive to subdue the human and give place to the divine in the "narrow mansion" of a human heart. And I see that on the whole men have failed because they won too well. Even well-meaning men have lost their way. For they have insisted in making the world one of predominants instead of peradventures, — of fast conclusiveness instead of happy equilibrium. A modern wit has hit off the matter by saying that the ancient rule was "Nothing *in* excess," while the modern one is "Nothing *but* excess." And excess rather than equilibrium has been the note of much living even within the large enclosure of the Christian faith. Excess, however, has its reactions, and those reactions plunge men into despair. In short, they lose their peace.

Peace, then, works through equilibrium, and nowhere more than when it works within a man's own heart. A truce forever to the old antagonisms of "other-worldliness" and pure "worldliness"! Heart of mine! it is the human and the divine you are to correlate, not the divine alone, not the human alone. Peace has often been set down in merely

Hebrew terms, or theological, or moral; but is it not racial and human? Is peace only peace when it wears the garb of the first century, or when it wears the older fashion still of immortality? If peace is always exercising its gift, it must needs work with the tools at hand, and do the work demanded. In one age it exhorts Euodia and Syntyche to be of the same mind in the Lord; in another it may need to exhort two whole civilizations — the East and the West. It must not forget the concrete and present misadventures of life which grow out of the separation of the divine and the human. The worldly man can never frame a state because he misses God; and the Puritan failed in England because he forgot man. And in one's own heart it is not God's life alone, nor my life alone, that furnishes the ground of peace, but God with us and in us.

And last, peace is security of end. Jesus said that his peace was not as that of the world. The peace of the world is broken. It is always precarious, at the best. But the peace that Jesus proposes is secure. In just what way can we interpret this security?

We saw a moment or two ago that peace was a gift. It is caught from contact with Jesus. Now, when we get anything from those who have been our teachers, what is it? Surely it is no bit of worldly wisdom, not even a system of thought, hardly a religious creed. It is a point of view — it is a vision. "He taught me to see things differently, — more adequately!" would be the highest praise we could give or take. And peace does this for

men. I do not wonder that for more than ten troubled centuries men sang of the "beatific vision" as the last great good of life. To see things, to reinterpret them with a divine lastingness, — surely this is the end all men desire. To see a new heaven and a new earth was the equal desire of Aristotle and the Apostle John.

For one thing, men see time differently if they have peace. Peace is a larger view of time. It asserts that there are "twenty-four hours in the day," and that life's motions should be tested by standards that go beyond the tyranny of the moment. How many wrongs have been done because men forgot the verdict of the centuries! Many a pain has been needlessly borne because men forgot that the present is infinitely momentary. Time, in the large view, is a great healer and interpreter; it writes men's meanings as well as their epitaphs. It is precisely this eternalizing of life that peace is busy about. With Spinoza it sees things under the aspect of eternity, and hence it brings the solace of God.

No less does peace enlarge one's view of space; for the peaceful heart has sympathetic strength to go beyond the five continents and seven seas. Thus it forgets the tempests of a local life — the scandal of the street, the follies of the platform, or the silly measurements of fashion. As the modern neurasthenic goes on a Mediterranean cruise "to get away from things," the peaceful heart "gets away" by a large look over earthly boundaries. It lives

in racial issues instead of those of individual life. Some of Paul's peace no doubt came from the vision of Europe that was given to him. "I must also see Rome," he said, and from Rome Jerusalem looked small.

Above all, peace creates a new and present heaven. It feels and knows the life of God. Men used to suppose that to see God was to die. Ah! we now know better; to see God is to live! Peace knows God, is sure of him, is the actual manifestation of his life. And in those memorable hours when the heart has been quieted by that which passes understanding it has saluted the deepest mystery of life which is also its greatest joy:—

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear this Vision — were it not He?"

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2005

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

BV
950

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 043 715 9

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS